NUMB. IV.

THE PLAIN DEALER:

To be Continued *every* MONDAY *and* FRIDAY.

——Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, ſævis inter ſe convenit Urſis. JUV.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1724.

THE *Count de Larva*, is, as I am well informed, very ſerious in his Intentions of laying aſide all Thoughts of propoſing any new *Maſquerade* to the Town; I am further aſſured from many Creditable Hands, That, If he were to make any freſh Propoſals to the Town, tho' never ſo tempting that way, they would probably fail him of his deſired Succeſs; becauſe how bold ſoever the Male-part of my Readers may be, who are ſeldom afraid of any unlucky Devil they may meet with; the Females are too apprehenſive of ſo dangerous a Companion, not to be more circumſpect, and more upon their Guard, for the future, than they have been, in all Caſes of Diſguiſe, that may ſo nearly concern their Perſons. I am therefore pretty much at eaſe, and ſhall ſuſpend all further Animadverſions upon this Head, unleſs ſome particular Occaſion ſhall otherwiſe require.

GAMING is the moſt malignant *Abuſe*, that comes next under my Obſervation. Methinks this accurſed Appetite needs no Aggravation of its Guilt to be mentioned, in order to extinguiſh it; than to ſay, what may be truly ſaid, That there is nothing that is *Honourable*, that it does not aim to make *vile*; nothing *Great* and *Magnificent*, that it does not endeavour to ſhew *Little* and *Deſpicable*; nothing *Rich* and *Glorious*, that it does not baſely covet to render *Poor* and *Sordid*; and ſo *Vice Verſa*.

HOW would the deceaſed *Bucharis* have been ever able to leap down from behind the Chariot of a late departed Lord, and ſtep with greater State into a finer of his own, if he had not had the *happy* Turn of bringing many *unlucky* Gentlemen to live all their Lives after in a much more uncomfortable State, than even his Companions (before he became a Gentleman) the Lacquies themſelves? What muſt even the great *Cartærarius* now living, when he prances and rattles along the Pavements, in his Coach and Six, beholding himſelf upon a Par with the Prime Nobility, think, when he ſees a Wretch walking along the dirty Streets looking half-ſtarv'd with Cold and Hunger, dreſs'd in thin Sagathie in the Depth of Winter, whom he knew to have been his Superior in Wealth, Magnificence, and Appearance, before he was drawn in to play? Can my Readers imagine, That *Cartærarius* muſt not loſe the Jollity of his Heart for a Moment, at ſo mortifying a Proſpect? or, Do they think he can be Brute enough to enjoy himſelf upon the Thoughts of his different Fortune, and of the Thouſands of Tricks he had play'd in his Life, and the Scores of rich Families that he had made as wretched, as the *Object* I mentioned?

THIS is a ſtrange and a diſmal *Fate*: It is ſtrange, but very true, that a Box and a Pair of Dice well followed heartily ſtamp'd upon a Table in *London*, ſhall have a worſe Effect, with regard to the Owner, on the Walls of a fine ſtrong-built Caſtle in the *Country*, than the firing of Twenty Field-Pieces againſt it on the *Spot* could have, and ſhall force the Poſſeſſor in a ſhort time, to ſurrender it up *at Diſcretion*, and all the fine Territories and Lordſhips round about, to one who is very *innocently* called, forſooth, no more, than a mighty *fair Enemy*, by way of *Play*.

IT is ſtill more ſtrange, That a Cuſtom, which has been known to have brought ſuch uncommon Calamities upon the greateſt and richeſt Men that have been, given up to it, ſhould at laſt become common among the common People themſelves; and yet this was lately the Caſe. Tradeſmen and Sharpers of a Lower Rank, committed the like little Hoſtilities in their kinds, only for mere Sport, and whole Rows of Traders Houſes in this Metropolis, were ſhut up *by the way of Game*. A little after, theſe Shops were open'd again, and metamorphoſed into ſo many Mimick Groom-Porters, when many reputable *Counters*, by the Dexterity of the Joyners, were converted into *Hazard-Tables*. To name but a few Inſtances, of many, that were notorious, there was one *Wiſe Man*, who deſpiſing to be any longer hit in the Teeth, with *talking like* an *Apothecary*, neglected his *Buſineſs* in order to become *Rich*, and yet he has been often ſeen to loſe more Money by ſhaking his Elbow over a *Gaming-Table* in an Hour, than he could recover by brandiſhing his Arm and Peſtle over a *Mortar* for many Months; and I have known thoſe that have ſeen a Banker ſweep away more Heaps of Gold from him, at a Baſſet-Table in a Week, upon the Appearance of a Square bit of Paper falſely turn'd up, than he could ſhovel up from under his Counter, to pay upon the Appearance of fair Notes, tho' drawn after Six Months Date.

I HAVE been the more ſlack in theſe my Remarks, and thrown together only a few looſe Hints againſt this vicious Habit, becauſe a more effectual Way has been lately taken to check its Progreſs among the Common Sort, than the Writings of the moſt excellent Author. If ſome People of faſhion did not think themſelves above minding thoſe Laws ſometimes, which vulgar Perſons are cautious of tranſgreſſing, for fear of being treated as common Cheats, and Impoſtors, this Diſcourſe would be render'd almoſt uſeleſs at this Time. The Nature of the Impoſture, is no otherwiſe alter'd, by being done by a Perſon of Diſtinction, but only in this, That it becomes ſtill more highly Criminal. Out of Perſons of Faſhion and Eſtate, are generally choſen thoſe, who are, by their Poſts, obliged to watch over the publick Weal: And who can think that they will guard the Property of many in publick Life, who either lay Snares to entrap the Property of ſome particular Perſons in a private Capacity, or elſe have no more Wit than to venture to proſtitute their own? No Man ſhould ever hope to appear in an Aſſembly of *Buſineſs*, that ever offered to make himſelf a frequent Member of an Aſſembly at *Hazard*. There have been of late but *Two* Remarkable Gameſters, that ever ſtepp'd ſo high as to have any Rule over publick Affairs entruſted to their Management, *Exlex* and the late young *Montanus*; and theſe, tho' otherwiſe Men of ſignal Capacities, and many

many worthy Qualifications, could not help, by Reason of their Natural Itch that Way, infuſing into Two Kingdoms ſuch an univerſal Spirit of *Avarice* and *Gaming*, by ſtrange Schemes, 'till then unheard of, as muſt, if continued, have ſoon accompliſh'd the Ruin, which, according to the moſt diſcerning Eyes, they threaten'd at their firſt Appearance.

AS to *GAMING* in any Degree of Lower Life, the Juſtices of the Peace have acted with ſuch commendable Vigilance, That they have ſcarce left me a known Sharper in the Town, to exerciſe the Edge of my Satyr upon. Moſt of them have, I believe, by this time, taken to the more *honourable* Way of Robbing with a *Piſtol* and *Brace of Balls* in it, which is much leſs *dangerous* to the *Offended*, and leſs *ſafe* to the *Offender*, than a *Box* with a *Pair of Dice* in it, manag'd by *artful* Hands; others have gone in Gangs like Footpads, and while one Knave knock'd down the Paſſenger, the other rifled him, which is as inoffenſive to the injur'd Perſon, as being drawn into the Play called *Two pell One*, and renders the Injurers more obnoxious to the juſt Puniſhments they deſerve. Thus I believe, that, if a ſtrict Scrutiny were made into the Numbers, that are left, of the late *Gambling Fraternity*, we ſhould find, that, ſince the happy Diſſolution of that Knot of Thieves, they have been either very decently hanged out of the way, or elſe very luckily filled ſome of thoſe Tranſport-Veſſels, which carry Numbers of Diſorderly Gentlemen, who are weary of Living honeſtly in *England*, to the Plantations in *America*, that they may be Profitable by their Labour to a Nation at a diſtance, which they could not help exerting their Talents, and ſhewing their Ingenuity, Pains, and Induſtry to Rob, while they were permitted and deſired to live at Quiet and Eaſe in it.

BUT yet there is a Species of more notorious and miſchievous *Gameſters* among us remaining ſtill, who ought, methinks, to be made liable to the ſame Laws, be bound under equal Reſtrictions, and, in Caſe of their Tranſgreſſion, undergo the like Penalties; I mean, the preſent *Fraternity* of *STOCK-JOBBERS*.

THIS *Brotherhood*, who play their Game upon the Wealth of other People, make uſe of *cant* Names, juſt as the *Gameſters* did, and with juſt the ſame Propriety, becauſe an unintelligible Jargon is the common Language of *Th[illegible]ves* and *Vagabonds*. The *Gameſters* called their Inſtruments of Miſchief by the Denomination of *Squibs* and *P[illegible]gs*, and the *Stock jobbers* call their Engines of Deceit, *Bulls* and *Bears*; nor were *theſe* half ſo Formidable about *Covent-Garden*, as *theſe* about the *Royal-Exchange*.

A *Bear* is a Beaſt of Prey, who, not having perhaps a Shilling in the World, appears and ſells an immenſe Quantity of *Stock* upon Time, which he is to deliver on the Day agreed; if *Stock* riſes he muſt pay the *Difference*, or elſe, as the Phraſe is, *Shew his Tail*, that is to ſay, *Run away*.

A *Bull* is juſt the Reverſe of this: He, Pennyleſs as his Brother Beaſt, roars and bellows aloud for *Stock*, buys Thouſands of Pounds worth, without Money, in Expectation of its Riſe; and if, at the Time when it is to be delivered, it happens to fall, then he muſt either pay the *Difference*, or elſe *Run off*.

NUMBERS of honeſt Tradeſmen are deluded by theſe Men from minding their Buſineſs, by ſtrange imaginary *Hopes* that they feed them up with, of turning their Money better, ſafer, and quicker upon *Stocks*, than they can in *Trade*: And where unskilful Tradeſmen are drawn in to try their Fortunes this way, their Money becomes a *Sacrifice* to the *Stock Jobbers*, and themſelves *Bankrupts* to the *Publick*: *Bulls* and *Bears*, as oppoſite as they are in their Natures, will agree very well together, and ſometimes perſonate one another to draw in an honeſt Citizen to a Bargain; and if he once gets between *both*, by that time the *Stocks* have had a few Variations to and fro, he is ſure by their artful way of *toſſing* him very unſeaſonably from one to t'other, to be *worried*, and to periſh in the End.

MY Friend the *Alderman*, who has ſometimes an odd way of Jeſting after a manner peculiar to himſelf, ſays, That when he has been running over the *Advertiſements*, relating to ſeveral Bankrupts in our *Gazettes*, he would frequently make Marks on the Margin, denoting, Where ſuch a *broken-hearted* Butcher has been forced to ſhut up his Stall for fear of being Gored by the *Horn* of one of theſe new-faſhioned *Bulls*; and where the *Paw* of a *Bear* has pulled many a rich Trader in the Linnen and Woollen Manufactury out of his Shop. I warrant you, my old Friend *Ned*, (will he often ſay, for he is very apt to repeat old *Jokes*) when the Watch-Tower of *Barbican* was ſtanding, according to *Stow*, the Author thou quoteſt, The quickeſt Eye of any Man that ever ſtood in it, could never perceive round this whole City, one ſuch miſchievous Animal, threatning Ruin to the Inhabitants, as the Modern *Bulls* and *Bears*.

IT is very certain, That what the *Alderman* ſaid by way of *Jeſt*, was true in *Earneſt*. For our wiſe Anceſtors made very wholſome Laws for Extirpating all wild and miſchievous Beaſts out of the Land, and ſet a Price upon their Heads. It muſt be therefore very wrong done, in ſuch a Town as this, for us to permit wild *Bulls*, and unmuzzled *Bears*, to have their Stalls and Dens about *Exchange-Alley*, that they may have an Opportunity to run out and deſtroy every unwary Citizen they can meet with. Beſides, the *Alderman's* Wife ſays, That by boaſting of the vaſt *Stocks* they deal for, they trepan the Heart of many a rich Citizen's Daughter, and pin themſelves on Families to be kept without a Groat, and ſometimes do worſe than marry them, and then run away: She ſays, That there is Mr. *Honeyman*, a Sugar Baker, who has Two Cubs left upon his Daughter's hands, by a *Bear* that left the *Alley* a good while ago, and declares, That one Mr. *Ralph Simple*'s Favourite Girl, is juſt upon the Point of being delivered of a Calf, begot by a ſilly awkward *Bull*, who was lately forced to diſappear, becauſe he knew no more than the moſt *ignorant* Citizen that never *minded* any Thing but *his own Trade*, how to make a *Bargain* for *Stock* upon *Time*.

THESE are really Things That ought not to be tolerated in any Civil Government whatſoever; for they manifeſtly tend to the Ruin of all Polite Commerce; and at this rate it will come to paſs in the courſe of a few Years, That while *Ruſſia* is poliſhing its rough Inhabitants into the finer Reſemblance of *Engliſhmen*, the Politeneſs of *Britain* will be transformed into the Barbarity of *Ruſſia*, and the greateſt Part of this Metropolis will be over-run with a new and (till late) unheard of Generation of *Savages* and *Monſters*. It is, therefore, my ſerious Opinion, That the Spirit of every *Plain-Dealing* Man ſhould lead him as much to diſcover the Tricks they know of theſe *Stock-Jobbing Impoſtors*, as he would of common *Gameſters*; that the Practice may be put down in the ſame manner; and that for the Quiet and Safety of honeſt Families, and the Good of Poſterity, every *Bull* and *Bear* of them all (as ſoon as diſcover'd to have aſſumed thoſe frightful and dangerous Shapes) ſhould be firſt driven out of the City, by the way of *Newgate*, and then tranſported out of the Kingdom.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

March 26. 1724.

PROPOSALS for Printing by Subſcription,

MEMOIRS of the Reigns of *Francis* II. and *Charles* IX. of *France*. Containing a particular Account of the *Three Firſt Civil Wars* Raiſed and Carried on by the *Hugonots* in that Kingdom. Wherein the moſt Remarkable *Paſſages* in the Reigns of King *Henry* VIII. of *England*, Queen *Elizabeth*, and the Unfortunate *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, are ſet in a True Light. By *Michael de Caſtelnau*, Lord of *Mauviſiere* and *Concreſſant*, Baron of *Joinville*, Earl of *Beaumont Le Roger*, &c. Who was Ambaſſador for *Ten Years* at the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*, and principally concern'd in the *Secret Tranſactions* of thoſe Times. Done into *Engliſh* by a *Gentlemen*, and publiſh'd for his *Benefit*. The Price to Subſcribers *One Guinea*; Half to be Paid down, and the other Half on Delivering the Book. The Book is now in the Preſs, and will be ready to be Delivered to Subſcribers in Two Months; Publick Notice of which will be given in the *News-Papers*. Subſcriptions are taken in by *S. Richardſon*, at his Houſe in *Salisbury-Court*, *Fleetſtreet*; And by *J. Stagg*, Bookſeller, in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. Where *Propoſals* may be had.

Juſt Publiſhed, (*The* Third Edition *of*)

His Grace the Duke of *Wharton*'s Speech in the Houſe of LORDS on the Third Reading of the Bill to inflict *Pains* and *Penalties* on *Francis* (late) Lord Biſhop of *Rocheſter*; *May* the 15th. 1723. Printed for *T. Warner*, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noſter Row*. [Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*]

Printed for *J. Roberts*, in *Warwick-Lane*. Where *Letters* and *Advertiſements* are taken in.